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NAPOLEON I.

A HISTORICAL LECTURE,

BY

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NAPOLEON I.

Napoleon Bonaparte, the Soldier of Destiny, and the most illustrious of mortal men, was of Italian lineage, and spoke first the Italian tongue. He was the son of a Corsican lawyer, and was born at Ajaccio on the 15th of August, 1769. He was one of thirteen children, of whom eight reached maturity: Joseph, Napoleon, Lucien, Louis, Jerome, Eliza, Pauline, and Caroline.

The first twenty four years of the Conqueror's life, although deeply interesting, offer little of interest when contrasted with his subsequent career. They present the sad picture of a youth of remarkable attainments, and singular integrity, touched with the prophecy of a wondrous destiny, struggling against the odium of poverty and plebeian blood,—encouraged at times by glimpses of success, only to sink again into obscurity, and to wander on the continent with wretchedness in his bosom, now dreaming of empire, and now of self-destruction.

His early youth was spent at the military schools of Brienne and Paris, under the shadow of the Reign of Terror. He was present at the storming of the Tuilleries, and at the execution of king Louis XVI, and his unfortunate queen; but unknown, and unnoticed, roamed through these stormy scenes the soldier who yet should rule the troubled realm, and make it the centre and the wonder of the world. Thoughtful, and strange, he was bending his brow over the experience of history, and crowding his brain with the sagacity of the past. Unquestioning the

consciousness of his greatness, and the ultimate grandeur of his destiny, he lived as in the outset of a sublime career. His tone, his look, were taken from the future, as

> "In dreams, through camp and court he bore
> The trophies of a conqueror,"

Promoted to captaincy, at the age of 22 he returned to Corsica, in time to witness the treachery of Paoli in surrendering the island to the English; and for the integrity of his remonstrance, upon this occasion, he was banished the island, with all his family—and he never set his foot on it again. In the dead of night a boat, containing Madame Letitia Bonaparte and her eight children, (her husband being dead), rowed out from Corsica, and from the sight of their ruined home. Two or three trunks contained the entire fortunes of the indigent family; yet upon all but two of the nine sombre brows that looked up to that boding midnight descended at last the "golden sorrow."

Two years more of wandering, poverty and study, went by. He obtained command of the artillery at the siege of Toulon,—and distinguished himself with honor,—so much so as to be promoted to Chief of Battalion in the army of Italy; and there were already those to prophesy that the slim and meagre Corsican, could he obtain a fulcrum for his lever, should yet give the world an Archimedian lift;—but the fall of Robespierre deprived him of his command, and, penniless and forsaken, he roamed the world again.

Then he became a contestant for the honors of the pen,—and took a prize, by an essay on a subject propounded by L'Abbé Raynal, as to the proper faculties of government. In Napoleon the soldier, we must ever remember Napoleon the scholar, the philosopher, and the statesman. His works comprise over a hundred volumes—books that monarchs love to read: government, law, strategy, engineering, science, art, history, meta-

physics, all were his. Of ubiquitous grasp, as he was to have ubiquitous interests, yet full of subtle nicety, and hard mechanical skill, he made the iron of nature redden under his Titan blows, and reveal inscriptions in the elements of things, recorded at the founding of the world.

But these were perilous and exciting times, and the distractions which one day thrust him from position might next day reinstate him. Through the kindness of a friend in power, (General Barras) he obtained an opportunity of distinguishing himself by the defence of the National Convention from the assaults of the Parisian mob. He received his commission at midnight, under peculiar circumstances,—and by the timely firmness and severity with which, on the following morning, he dispersed the rabble with artillery, he destroyed the prestige of Parisian mobs, established the superiority of military discipline, and won the thanks of the Directory, who created him, for his efficiency, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Interior.

Thus, by the events of a single day, Napoleon rose from indigence and obscurity to one of the most conspicuous and responsible positions in the republic. But his good fortune elated him not at all. His eye still gazed on vacancy, beyond the brilliant throngs of the capital; and his plain attire, his meagre diet, and his studious life, bespoke him one who could despise the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,"—one who should conquer armies by the combination of soldier and philosopher—of statesman and engineer.

It was about this time that he became acquainted with Josephine Beauharnais, the loved wife of his better years. She was the widow of Viscount Beauharnais, who perished on the revolutionary scaffold—leaving her with two children: Eugene, afterwards Viceroy of Italy, and Hortense, afterwards the wife

of Louis Bonaparte, and the mother of Napoleon III. Josephine was a lady of excellent wit, tact, spirit, and accomplishments, two years the senior of her husband; and she proved a bulwark to his power, and bound herself but too closely to the conqueror's destiny. He loved her next to the glory of his name, and in his hours of battle would turn aside and write to her, with boyish glee, of the working of the strategems which were shaking every continental throne.

The youthful general was now the lion of Paris. But soon disgusted with the frivolity and dissipation of the capital, longing for fields of toil and glory, and full of unheard of strategy and military skill, he sought command of the Army of Italy; and it was granted him. "You are young," said the Directory, to take command over veteran generals; besides, the government is embarrassed, and can furnish you neither money nor supplies." "Give me but the men," said Bonaparte, "and I will be responsible for their sustenance." Thus, at the age of 25 years, he was sent, without money and without supplies, to defend the Republic with 30,000 ragged and miserable wretches, whom he found at Nice to represent the Army of Italy, against 70,000 Austrians—well-diciplined and well-conditioned troops.

The elder French generals stood aghast at their new Commander-in-Chief, and wondered if the Directory had gone mad; and as was natural, urged upon Napoleon their eager advice, as befitting the great extremity of the army. But as if once for all, Napoleon brushed them courteously aside: "Gentlemen," said he to the gray veterans, "the art of war is in its infancy! The time has gone by when armies are to appoint a place of meeting, and say, hat in hand, 'gentlemen will you have the goodness to fire!' We must cut the enemy to pieces! throw ourselves like a torrent upon his battalions, and grind them to powder!"—As if in a moment, the whole spirit and significance

of war were changed, under this original and overmastering mind. The solemn reconnoitering, and the slow, methodical advance, gave way to the rush of most tempestuous attack, with profound, novel, and perilous strategy; and the dull boom of the distant cannonade, and the duller report of battles hardly won or lost, gave way to the tumbling rocks and the broken beams of the blood-stained passage of destruction,—the fierce encounter of the bayonet, and the triumphant bulletins of glorious and enthusiastic, but bloody and expensive victory.

It is impossible to describe, in an evening, the campaigns of Napoleon in detail. And one general principle pervaded all his military operations, from first to last, and has been esteemed by military men the great secret of success. "The art of War," said this chief of soldiers, "consists in producing the most men at a given point and time." His object ever was to outnumber the enemy; to hold the various divisions of his army in such positions, that, whenever he should strike, he should strike with superior numbers, and invariably carry, with every fresh attack, the prestige of victory and superior strategy. To do this, required marches of his men previously unheard of in the annals of war. Forty-five miles a day was no extraordinary advance; and in at least one instance his entire army moved 80 miles in less than 36 hours. Drinking little or no wine, never indulging in more than two meals in 24 hours, faring as rudely as his men, and more than sharing the same toil and danger, he set before them an example of courage, hardihood, vigilance and activity, unread of in the annals of the camp, and rendered his troops the most formidable on the continent.—Nor were these generous endeavors without their reward. Three times, within 15 days, the government at home voted that the Army of Italy deserved well of their country; and instituted festivals in their honor.—Beaten again and again, the dogged Austrians rallied, recruited, and returned, only to be outgeneraled and overmatched. At

Lonato, Castiglione, Roveredo, Primolano, Bassano, Mantua, Arcola, Rivoli, LaFavorita—all names renowned in war, and whose positions and whose strategy are made the study of the youthful soldier, while they are the wonder and the admiration of all who profess the science of destruction, the genius of the wonderful Corsican drove all before him, crowning with glory the fierce eagles of the Republic, and making the Alps re-echo to the cry which afterwards shook every continental throne, "*Live Napoleon!*"

The courage of Bonaparte had in it something superhuman, and will be remembered, with the mountains and gorges and deserts of its exhibition, as a prodigy of nature. It had little of the rush and fury of a desperate heroism, or the excited struggles of a passionate disposition; cold, careful, and serene, it grew from policy, genius,—more than all, from the conviction of an unavoidable destiny. The ball that could kill him was not yet cast. A bomb-shell that fell in his presence scarcely interrupted his conversation. At Lodi, where a dozen Austrian cannon were ranged upon a bridge 30 feet in width, and every nook and corner lined with sharp-shooters, in defiance of the opinions of his generals that it was impossible that a man should live to cross, Napoleon determined to storm the position; and the troops advanced accordingly, at a violent run. As the Austrians opened their fire the whole head of the column fell in a heap. The French wavered in the presence of almost inevitable dissolution, and were about to fly—when Napoleon, seizing a standard, sprang to the head of the column, crying, "Grenadiers! follow your General!"—and sliding in blood, and stumbling over the slain, he bore it over that gangway of destruction, and planted it beyond the Austrian guns.

But it was not in the presence of "War's mortal engines" that the courage of Bonaparte was best approved; for in him was that rare combination of the brutal and the spiritual courage—that lofty conceit which fears not for this world, nor that which

is to come. When the pestilence, that walketh in darkness, and wasteth at noonday, had laid hold upon his army in the Holy Land, and the boldest physicians fled from the agonizing cries of the blackening wretches whose touch was reckoned deadly as the adder's sting, then the soul of Napoleon rose forever from the rank of military heroes. "Quod scriptum, scriptum!" said he —"What is written is written—our days are numbered!"—and entering the reeking hospitals, he tended the sufferers with his own hands, and poured into their fading eyes the courage of the life immortal. While such sublime devotion convinced many of his followers of his more than mortal impulse, his unvarying conquest induced the credit of more than human skill. Who can deny that he was thought divine?—not alone by the rank and file, the ignorant and uninfluential, but by men of the highest standing in arts and arms. From his earliest years he had upon his countenance the impress of immortal genius. His own father, dying in delirium, called out for aid to the young Napoleon. Marshal Lannes, Duke of Montebello, stricken down by a cannon ball, felt that his life-blood was oozing; the surgeons assured him that their art was vain—he must die: "Die!" said the adoring follower of the Man of Destiny,—"the Emperor can save me!—send for the Emperor!" But Napoleon was amid the storm of battle. "Napoleon! Napoleon!" cried the eager sufferer, who forgot the Almighty—"Napoleon! Napoleon!"—and died at last with the name half uttered on his lips.

One by one the Italian principalities, awed by the overmastering spirit of Bonaparte, renounced the alliance of Austria, and accepted the protection and dominion of the French. Vast sums of money, and pictures of world-wide fame, poured into the coffers of the conqueror, and were by him transmitted, with scrupulous fidelity, to the treasury and museum of France. In vain did the aristocratic houses of these ancient lands of opulence and art endeavor, by the offer of immense bribes, to

seduce the youthful general from his fealty to the Republic. In vain did Venice offer him $7,000,000, while the splendors of an Austrian dukedom had no attraction for his eyes. Profoundly versed in the history of these ancient dynasties, a master of the art of treaties, and an orator of the Roman school, he overawed opposition, and won his way as much by the reverence which his great genius and virtues elicited, as by the fears which his fierce battallions had engendered. He seemed born to reign. Alone in the desert, or on a rock in the ocean, his deep and thoughtful eye suggested Empire, as surely as when the kings of Europe were his ministers, and the wit and beauty of a continent, beneath the glittering candelabra of St. Cloud and Versailles vied humbly for his notice who outshone them all—a King trancendently, whose crown was an impertinence—whose royalty was patent in the temperance of his body and the strength and majesty of his mind.

The world at large was fully cognizant of the splendor and importance of these Italian campaigns. Their perilous feats of arms, their exhibitions of unaccountable and unheard-of strategy, gave to the new Republic a prestige of good fortune and security, while they made her youthful strategist the subject of conjecture in every court in Europe. Nor in the army alone was felt the personal enthusiasm of his presence. As he turned homeward with the treaty of Campo Formio as the result of his year's labor, the voice of the people drowned the jealous caution of the Directors in cries for a triumphal celebration. The magnificent court of the Luxembourg had to be fitted up as an immense theatre, wherein the government should receive the treaty from the hands of the Conqueror of Italy.—It was one of those scenes which Paris alone can produce. The five Directors, clad as Roman Senators, upon a lofty stage, received the returned hero from the hand of Talleyrand, and amid the roar of artillery encircled him with their arms,—while the thousands upon thousands who stood around the pageant, wild with the intoxica-

tion of the hour, caught up the old battle-cry of the Alps, and made the welkin echo "*Live Napoleon!*"

This increasing popularity of the Corsican general, (which indeed became so great that the streets of Paris had rung with the cry of "down with the attorneys, and lift the little Corporal into their place"), determined the Directory to furnish him with employment outside of France; and the expedition to Egypt was accordingly concocted—ostensibly for the aggrandisment of the Republic abroad, but manifestly with a shrewd eye to the safety of the Directory at home. Napoleon was not unmindful of the purpose of the government, nor was he deaf to the cries of Paris; but he felt that his hour had not yet come. The Army of the Rhine formed a ballance to the Army of Italy, and its sterling general, Moreau, held a position in the hearts of the Republic, older and scarcely inferior to that of the more fortunate Corsican. Yet Napoleon hesitated. He shut himself up for two days in his apartments without food or drink, (as was his wont) and revolved in silence and solitude the chances of his destiny. At length his eye seemed to rest upon an empire which left France to her own fate; and slowly and thoughtfully, with new dreams and vague aspirations, he turned his steps towards the land of the Pharaohs, and the magnificence of the East.

It was on the 19th of May, 1798, illumined by a splendid sunrise —one of those suns which were afterward so popularly called the "Suns of Napoleon," sailed out from the harbor of Toulon the brilliant armament of the Egyptian Expedition,—400 transports, 13 ships of the line, and 4 frigates; 25,000 men, the select of the Army of Italy, led by those generals whom Napoleon himself had discovered and promoted,——Lannes, Murat, Desaix, Berthier, Soult, Augereau, besides Menou, and other veterans of the Revolution, formed the phalanx of the fighting men.— But besides these, a host of scientific men and philosophers, selected from the most celebrated *savans* of Europe, accompa-

ned the expedition, giving to its vague and scarce-visible political utility the color of scientific improvement and philanthropic colonization. Ah! this is one of the white days of history, wild beyond the visions of romance. As the golden morning, full of hope and promise, lit the dancing waves, the shining spars, the flowing banners and bright arms of France, Napoleon stood upon the deck of his frigate, the warm light soothing his magnificent head and turning his brown locks to gold, and waved his plume to the thousands that stood upon the shore, their eyes dim with blessings and enthusiastic tears; around him were the wide-famed representatives of many sciences and many arts, and the soldiers whose stout limbs were of his own creation, and whose valor and whose glory took their light from him,—the world before him, to roam at will, beyond the reach of law, through lands renowned in the earliest annals of the race! Who could but think, as the glory of Alexander again seemed looming through the confines of history, and the temple of Jupiter Ammon glittered in the distance—who could but think how wilder and more witching to the strange heart of man is the Conqueror, whose path leaves solitude and desolation, than the more pure philanthrophist, whose loving hand

"Strews cities, like shells along the shore."

Egypt was at that time a dependency of Turkey, and inhabited by three classes: the Arabs, the Copts, or original Egyptians, and the Mamelukes. These last were a body of professed soldiers whose ranks were recruited from Georgian and Circassian slaves, selected and trained on purpose, and bought by the 24 Beys who ruled the departments of Egypt in the name of the Ottoman Porte. They were reckoned the best cavalry in the world,—men of desperate valor and expert horsemanship, each inspired by the hope of succeeding his master, whose authority devolved in succession upon the bravest of his subordinates.—Their military skill, however, comprised the extent of their virtues; they were hated by the business population of Egypt

for their rapacity, cruelty, and brutal sensuality.—Blending policy with aggression, Napoleon furnished himself a plea, (of which the Directory had failed him), in this popular hatred of the Mamelukes; and he entered the Ottoman dominions with the inscription on his banners, "Glory to the Sultan, and to the French army his allies! Accursed be the Mamelukes!—Good fortune to the Land of Egypt!"

Landing at Alexandria, which they carried by assault, and exposed to plunder for three hours as a terror to the mercantile interests, on the 7th of July the French quitted the alluvium of the Nile, and advanced up the desert in quest of the enemy.—Small bands of the Mameluke cavalry continually assailed their flanks and rear,—and mounted as they were on their nimble Arab steeds, they cut and came again with comparative impunity. But on the 21st of July, as they drew near Cairo, and the eternal pyramids rose dark against the heavens, the French beheld the entire Mameluke force before them, protected on the right by an entrenched camp of 20,000 infantry, and 40 pieces of cannon. There was a flutter and a stir among these Ottoman desperadoes as the head of the French column loomed in view—Turkish officers, splendidly apparelled, galloped hither and yon, and there was swaying of banners, and mounting in hot haste. As his army drew near to the fortifications of the enemy, Napoleon's quick eye discovered that the guns were so clumsily and hastily mounted as to be unable to cover the field,—and he resolved to rapidly evade the entrenchments, so as to encounter the infantry or cavalry alone. The enemy, aware of the imperfection of his defences, with equal promptness resolved to risk all on a single charge of this world-renowned body of horsemen. His movements were rapid in the extreme. Bonaparte had scarcely time to give warning to his officers of a most desperate assault—when, suddenly, mounted on the finest horses of Arabia, glittering in gorgeous housings of the East, and led by the gal-

lant Murad Bey, the Mamelukes, 10,000 strong, waved their Mongolian sabres, and came bounding to the charge.—"Soldiers!" cried Napoleon, as the splendid host came on, "from yonder pyramids, forty centuries behold your deeds!"—And truly 40 centuries more may wait in vain for so magnificent a sight. The solid squares of Italy withstood the awful rush, and struggled instantly to position, while the rolling fire of the French artillery under Napoleon's direction tore the thick rank of Mamelukes to pieces. Yet their courage was terrific. Kept out of reach with the sabre, they hurled their empty pistols, and wheeled their horses heels, at the French, that at the prick of the bayonet they might kick open the bristling ranks; even the wounded and unhorsed, creeping along the ground, cut at the legs of the infantry with their crooked blades, while the horses of their countrymen were trampling them to death. The world has not seen such cavalry before nor since. Napoleon gazed in admiration on their barbarian spleen, and vainly dreamed that he should add them to his own ranks.—But they were baffled and thrust back, their valor was in vain,—and staggering under the murderous discharges of artillery, they at length gave way and fled, some for the desert and some for the Nile. Their infantry, beholding this celebrated host defeated, deserted their camp without a blow. And as the tumultuous masses rushed into the river, some in boats and some to swim, the shot and shells of Napoleon's rapid batteries brought such a wail of dispair and horror from the drowning multitude as when, centuries before, the waves of the Red Sea were breaking over Pharaoh and his host!

Such was the battle of the Pyramids, that sent the terror of the French arms wherever the Moslem tongue was spoken;—and long afterwards, while the learned men of France were deciphering the inscriptions on the tombs and ancient monuments of Egypt, the French soldiery diverted and profited themselves

by fishing up from the Nile the bodies of the drowned Mamelukes—each of whom carried his fortune in a leathern belt about his waist, amounting on an average to $1,200 in gold.

Having remained several months in Egypt, consolidating his power, and dreaming of an empire after the manner of Mahomet, the French general crossed the Isthmus of Suez, and advanced his conquests into the Holy Land. Again old Gaza felt Samson at her gates. The cities of Gaza and Jaffa were stormed and taken, and the unchecked victor marched upon St. Jean d'Acre. But here he was doomed to pause; for added to the obstinate resistance of the Turks themselves was the assistance of the English under Sir Sydney Smith, and that too with the very guns which Napoleon had shipped at Aboukir, to assist at the siege of Acre. Eight terrible assaults within sixty days showed the bloody and untiring purpose of Napoleon to take this town, while eleven desperate sallies from their works attested the determination of the besieged. "Upon this petty town," said Bonaparte to Murat, "depends the fate of the Oriental world." But in the middle of May the plague broke out in the French army,—the men began to die in scores, and there was no alternative but to raise the siege, and pass out of the infection.—Burying all his heavy cannon ,and throwing the lighter guns into the sea, on the 20th of May the French general retired from the siege of Acre, repulsed, as it were by the hand of the Almighty, from the Empire of the East.

The mind wanders, lost in contemplation of the probable consequences, had Napoleon been permitted to advance into the Asiatic States. Over

> "What lands of silver and lands of gold—
> What realms untrodden and realms untold"

might not his boundless genius and ambition have extended!—The wealth of Ormus and of Ind, the slaves of Circassia, and the Legions of the Mogul glittering in barbaric pearl and gold,

might have been his. Over deserts untraced and valleys the most luxuriant in nature, he might have swayed the sceptre of unmeasured, undisputed Empire. "Could I but have joined the Mameluke cavalry to the French infantry," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "the world cannot conjecture what might have been the consequences. Byzantium would have fallen—Constantinople—the Empire of the East!"

While these events were transpiring, great changes were taking place in the political condition and popular mind of France. The Austrians had renewed the war; and the Archduke Charles, (brother of the Austrian Emperor), more than a match for the French generals Moreau and Jordan, had driven them back over the Rhine, while his compatriot generals were besieging Massena in Genoa. All that Napoleon had gained by his Italian campaigns had been lost by inefficiency in his absence. The Directory were come into utter contempt; to their imbecility were attributed these misfortunes; and it is not to be wondered at, that as the bayonets of all Europe were pointed at the bosom of France, to revenge the fall and to effect the restoration of the Bourbons, the hearts of the people turned for hope and consolation to the conquering Corsican, whose eye seemed ever shining on the pathway to success.

The talents of the Bonaparte family were not monopolized by Napoleon. His brothers and his wife comprised a powerful party in the new Republic. His brother Lucien was now President of the Council of Five Hundred,—and through him kept continually aware of the changes in the popular mind of France, Napoleon was now assured that the hour of his fortune was at hand. And organizing his army under general Kleber, (after defeating 16,000 Turks at Aboukir, and driving them all into the sea, whence but 6,000 ever escaped to tell the briny tale), he sailed from Egypt, without orders from the Directory, on the

28th of August, 1799, and landed at Frejus, in France the 18th of October following.

As the youthful Conqueror again touched her shores, the Republic rose in a clamor of triumph and exultation. Bonfires, and every manner of illumination greeted his career; flowers were strewn and bells were rung, and deputations of immense bodies of citizens received him as the glory and deliverance of France. In less than thirty days from the date of his arrival the government was quietly overthrown, without bloodshed, and a consular government established with Bonaparte, Abbe Sieyes, and Roger Ducos at its head. Of these three, it will be easily believed, Bonaparte comprised the better half. Scarcely were the consuls established in their authority ere the other two attempted to colleague Napoleon with themselves in the absorbtion of immense sums to provide for their future safety. But the "Spartan," who had refused $7,000,000 from Venice, and a principality from Austria, was incorruptible with gold,—at the same time that a knowledge of these facts made him master of the destinies of his two coadjutors. It is not wonderful that the two venerable villains saw fit soon to retire from public life, leaving vacancies which the influence of Napoleon and his brothers supplied with two friends of his—Cambaceres and Le Brun,—himself being Chief Consul, for ten years, at a salary of $100,000 per year, the other two receiving about $60,000 each. And very soon after this appointement the popular vote of France recorded its approval of the proceedings by a majority as of 1,900 to 1.

As Napoleon settled into the consular throne, a weight, as of the nightmare of centuries, rose from the spell-bound breast of France. Corruption and oppression and cruelty, whose ways had been shrouded by Directoral protection, fled away as the fiery sympathy of the First Consul unroofed their infamous deeds, and let into their iniquitous retreats the broad light of

day. All prisoners for political offences were immediately set free. The exiled priests and emigrants were recalled. The public offices, long subject to peculation and corruption, were filled up by men whose integrity should pass current with their incorruptible chief. The great ministerial offices were filled up alike by those who had ben his friends and those who had opposed him, their fitness alone determining their elligibility. The funds rose instantly in public estimation; taxes were reduced, and public safety insured by the most formidable police; the theatres were purified; the tenth day sabbath of the Goddess of Reason was rebuked, and the Christian Sabbath formally restored,—yet liberty was insured to every man to worship God or to worship not, as accorded with his own conscience and his own understanding.—How solemnly triumphant rang out once more, in the liberty of a brighter civilization, the bells that had so long hung breathless, hushed in the Reign of Terror!

Napoleon now turned all his energies to avert the storm that was lowering around the nation, and the cloud of which had called him to the Consular throne.

Gathering 150,000 men, the flower of the army of France, he placed at their head general Moreau, and drew for him the plan of a campaign which should cross the Alps in four different places, and cut off the rear of those Austrians who were besieging Massena in Genoa. But Moreau, unused to the vast designs of the consul, saw little hope in the undertaking, and demurred. "Let him go to the Rhine," said Bonaparte, of his only pretended military rival,—"he will repent over the glory he has yielded to me, when I, with 60,000 raw conscripts, who never even smelled the smoke of a cartridge, shall cross the Alps, and outshine him and the 150,000 veterans whom I have trained. The plan is feasible! On the plain of Marengo I shall meet the Austrian, and I shall defeat him!"

And indeed the effectual passage of the Alps by an army of

60,000 men, or of any army whatsoever, had been considered strategetically impossible; not but that with time and patience an army, with its cavalry, artillery, and baggage, could be transported across the Alps: but their movements could be defeated by a handful of men, had credit been given to rumors of the attempt. Everything had to be borne upon the sholders of men and mules. The wheel of no human vehicle had ever rolled over those precipitous and icy paths—nought save the bursting lauwine, "the thunderbolt of snow." Angles of slippery rock appeared where only the mountain goat could tread with safety, and where the troops were compelled to join hands, in single file, to steady each others steps on the edges of precipices where, a thousand feet below, the torrent murmured like the river of a dream. The wheels had to be taken from the artillery and borne by hand,—the guns stripped from their carriages, and encased in hollow logs, to be tugged up over the rocks with ropes, 100 men to a gun. Napoleon offered the mountain peasantry immense sums to obtain by contract the transportation of his guns across the mountains; but even they, used to chase the chamois on his perilous path, declined. As a stimulus to his own troops in a moment of discouragement, he offered them the money which the mountaineers had declined to earn: but they refused it, to a man. "We are not toiling for gold," said they, "but to share with you the glory!"—"Then sound your bugles," said the lofty chief, "and let me see you once more take the cliffs at the charging step!"

In about sixty hours of toil and terror, in which many horses and several men were lost, this world-renowned feat was accomplished,—and the news that an army was descending, as if out of the clouds, was borne to the startled Austrian on his victorious career. True to the brute instinct by which men ever retreat over the rout of their advance, the Austrians turned at bay, with such suddenness and determination that, although,

true to the prophecy of Napoleon, the two armies met on the plain of Marengo, the battle opened with 40,000 Austrians to 20,000 French. The odds were fearful: and the Austrians were flushed with recent victory, while many of the French had never even witnessed an engagement. But the Man of Destiny was among them, and Europe had already reckoned him as 100,000. With stirring words he bade them remember the bright eyes of France, and the never-waning star of him who had brought them thither; and with the utmost determination they turned to the unequal conflict. Hour after hour these raw conscripts withstood the field, under the encouraging smile of their commander, while courier after courier fled from the First Consul to bring on the halting divisions of his army, and effect the working of his dangerous strategy. Dessaix, with 10,000 men, was thirty miles away when this action commenced: but even at that distance hearing among the mountains the heavy cannonade, and remembertng the prophecy of Bonaparte, he waved his sword in the air, crying "Marengo! Marengo!" and like the needle to the pole, without orders, on over the rough route this bosom friend and worshiper of Napoleon hurried his men, with every possible promise, as if the fate of Europe were depending on his speed. And so, apparently, it did. As he spurred into the presence of the Consul, he beheld the troops of the Republic falling back in confusion, all but a few squares in his immediate presence. "I see," said he, with grief and disappointment, "the battle is lost; I suppose I can do no more than to cover your retreat!" "By no means!" said the indomitable Bonaparte—"the battle I trust is gained!" and with peculiar emphasis on his instructions ordered him instantly to charge. The Austrians, in the full confusion of pursuit, recoiled at the solid columns of Dessaix; at the same time the Consul, reassuring his conscripts in the rear of the advancing column, ordered general Kellerman to charge with all

the cavalry into the Austrian flank. The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. Even now the Austrian, Melas, had despatched couriers to spread over Europe the news of his brilliant victory at Marengo :—in the twinkling of an eye, as if by the inspiration of the Almighty, the sublime foresight of Napoleon turned his triumph to distraction, as, in irrecoverable confusion and dismay, the Austrian host rolled back over the plain, and the conscripts of the Republic, delivered as by a miracle from the jaws of death, made the Alps remember the Conqueror of Italy!

"Fold up the map of Europe!" said the great Chatham, when he heard of the victory of Marengo —"it need not be taken down for twenty years."

Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war. Notwithstanding Napoleon, at the age of 31, stood upon the highest pinnacle of military fame, it remained for him within a few months to outdo the political strategy of all former years, and to render contemptible in comparison the greatest statesman of England, by the degradation of Chatham, and the peace of Amiens. Look at the political condition of Europe when Napoleon assumed the Consular throne. From beneath every crown on the continent the jealous, blood-shot eyes of ancient Despotism glared in menace and defiance at the republican innovation of France. England, Austria, and Russia in alliance—Naples, Tuscany, and Sardinia, with the Ottomon court in deadly hatred, and the Prussian court in at least silent menace, abetted the universal clamor. A few months roll around, and by the underworking of some mysterious current, this whole continental galaxy, linked heart and hand with the French Republic, are combined to break the maratime supremacy of the British Empire. How all this was accomplished the world can partly conjecture, and partly discover; but it was the work of a single man. The force of all the silent machinery came up from the brain of the

illustrious Consul: his emisaries covered the civilized world, and infused into the surly courts the spirit of the new generation.—It was on the 21st of October, 1801, that the three Consuls were closeted at Malmaison, when a messenger entered the apartment with tidings that England had signed the preliminaries of peace. With one accord the two Consuls sprang from their seats to embrace the knees of their sublime chief,—and Cambaceres, gazing up into his eyes, enthusiastically exclaimed, "You are great as the universe!"

These were the days of Napoleon's unclouded splendor. None of those acts of usurpation or absorption, which rendered him odious and despotic in the minds of many who could not accord with his gigantic schemes, had tarnished the lustre of his name. His wife still held her high position; and while she shed over the society of Paris an influence of refinement, propriety, and virtue, her vigilant and untiring lord imparted an unheard of impetus to the internal prosperity of the nation. Under the rule of Napoleon the public works of France became the most splendid in Europe. Magnificent bridges, of the most elegant and durable construction,—roads, even across the Alps, —canals, proposing to intersect every quarter of the empire,—schools, theatres, museums, libraries, and galleries of art,—hospitals for the insane, the dumb, and the blind,—banks, courts of law, equity, and police,—all after the method of the Consul, and all foreshadowing the Code Napoleon, made France, in these bright days, the festival of the world, and the centre of civilzation.

Happy indeed were they, in these the early days of his power, who long before, in sickness, poverty and despair, had looked kindly on the grateful Corsican, who never forgot them. To the poor he gave wealth beyond their wishes; to the brave and the proud the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

Is it to be wondered at, that as a reward for his magnificent

achievements,—as a tribute to the splendor of his genius, and an acknowledgment of the princely generosity of his nature, he was created Consul for Life?

The rule of Napoleon, not even excepting the *continental system*, (wherein all his allies were pledged to reject commerce with England, with the design of ultimately crippling her maratime supremacy), was the best of which France is, or was ever, capable. It was the semblance of liberty in the person of despotism,—"the hand of iron in the velvet glove." Notwithstanding every appearance of authority and importance was given to the representative bodies, the fiat of the First Consul was omnipotent, and his veto was unavoidable.—It is strange, to Americans, that the French Senate could vote an act and deliberate with zeal and importance as of the original creators of law, of which they were, in truth, the mere clerks of record; but that fact itself is proof of a political necessity. Generous, but treacherous, volatile, yet cruel, trivial, yet bloody and terrible, the same strange throng that bore Marie Antoinette to the scaffold cried "Live the Empress" when she spurned them with a queen's contempt. Truth and time are nothing,—appearance is everything, to this singular people. The hand of iron in the velvet glove alone can sway the sceptre of French empire; and the sturdy reign of Napoleon III. is slowly working, in the consciousness of men, the vindication of Napoleon the first.

For the same reasons in the national character the rule of Napoleon was a military rule. The schools were the nurseries of acrobats and swordsmen, and from 16 to 60 all were liable to conscription. The transcendent marshal and material genius of the warrior consul made tame the glory of the finer arts. He could be nothing who was not also a soldier. Blame not Napoleon for this. They are, and always have been, a fighting nation; he ruled them to their taste; and the blood and sorrow which political necessities caused to flow were turned by him to

the only purposes which could claim them—the aggrandisment of the Grand Nation, and the subversion of surrounding nations to a government more efficient, more liberal, more economical than their own.

Doubtless Napoleon, like all great political characters, has been overpraised by his friends, and overburdened by his enemies, as to both the purity of his life and the wisdom of his government; but as to those acts of state for which he has been alternately so exaltedly praised, and profoundly blamed, I am unable to judge them by those formal rules of moral science which prevail in the minds of his detractors when determining propriety in the definition of the treaties, the boundaries, or even the crowns of the continental nations, whose histories one and all are written in blood, and whose outlines bear the configuration of force, fraud, violence and corruption. I do not see the consistency of England in clamoring for the restoration of the Bourbons, while the title of "King of France" was a hereditary designation of the English kings. Nor does it appear that the reigning George of England was better entitled to his throne than was the fallen, but once right-royal heir of the Stuarts. Neither is there the slightest differance between the aggrandisment of Napoleon and the aggrandisment of England all over the globe, or of Russia, or Austria, or Turkey, in Poland and Greece. Neither is it by any means self-evident that the crown of Hapsburg, though it descended yet warm from the brow of Julius Cesar, was more blessed in its assumption, either of God or the people, than the crown of Bonaparte. And as to other acts of state—the censorship of the press; the American Executive, even as did Napoleon in times of far greater extremity, cries hush! to the whispering leaves of the press. The wrong of yesterday becomes right to-day.—The history of national right is the history of political power, prestige and pretension. From the day when the axe of the Lion Heart broke the gates

of Jerusalem, and dashed out the brains of their janitors in the name of Him who, when he was smitten, smote not again, until now, when the emblem of slaughter dangles at the heels of chaplains whose mission is rather mercy and martyrdom than destruction, the exclusiveness of patriotism has constricted true humanity,—and individuals have preferred present power, emolument, and show, to the slow but certain guerdon of eternal truth and justice. "Alexander, Cesar, Charlemagne and myself," said Bonaparte, "are the representatives of earthly greatness; we have founded empires; *but we founded them with force. Christ alone* has founded an empire in love!" One kingdom alone, of all the kingdoms of the earth, is founded in righteousness,—and no sword protects or represents it. Its monarch fell by treachery, and his followers were scattered on the globe: yet the wrath of the Lamb is mightier than the stroke of steel,—and the tears of the glorious gentle martyr, gathering the bolts of heaven at their back, have come down the ages, rugged and terrible, as they were mountains, plucked up by the hair, and flung by the Titans of old.

But the treaty of Amiens, so welcome to all Europe, was destined to an early rupture. Two years had wrought their changes, and new spirits flitted through the scene. The Emperor Paul, of Russia, an ardent admirer of the soldier of fortune, was now dead, and his crown descended, without his passion, to his son Alexander. The latter was a prince of remarkable courage, foresight and sagacity, who had long looked with jealous eyes upon the growing power of Napoleon,—and his accession to power was the signal for an immediate alliance between himself, Austria, and England, to restrict the circuit of his sway.

As this cloud rose over the continental heavens, the French people determined to invest the chief who had so often led them

to glory and success with the emblem of their unlimited confidence. On the 30th of April, 1804, the French Senate decreed that Napoleon Bonaparte and his heirs forever should be Emperors of France. Accordingly, on the 2d of December following, Napoleon and Josephine were crowned, in the ancient church of Notre Dame: not by the hand of the Pope however, as was the continental custom; conscious of the powers which had raised him to the throne, Napoleon declined receiving a crown from mortal hands. Advancing to the altar, he lifted the golden hoop of empire, and placed it upon his head; then Josephine knelt down, and he crowned her also, with his own hands. It is said that a look of unearthly gloom darkened the countenance of the Emperor during this portentous solemnity, while his wife bowed with meekness and manifest foreboding to the imperial dignity, which she was so soon and so sadly to resign. On the 11th of April following, Napoleon was again crowned, at Milan, "King of Italy," receiving there the iron crown of the Lombards, said to have been manufactured from the spikes with which Christ was crucified.

I have dwelt upon some of the early ventures of Napoleon, in illustration of his character. But the events of the Empire thicken and accumulate beyond the compass of didactic exhibition. "It is impossible," says Sir Walter Scott, "to represent in mere words the campaign of 1805: a campaign in which the allies raised some 400,000 men—to the destruction of which forces Napoleon proceeded, not as at Marengo, by a general engagement, but by a series of grand manœuvers, and a train of partial actions necessary to accomplish them, which rendered resistance and retreat alike impossible. These manœuvers culminated in the grand battle of Austerlitz, in which two Emperors, each his equal in power, laid down their arms, and stood as suppliants for his clemency. By the treaty of Presburg, which

followed this campaign, Austria ceded to the dominions of Napoleon 20,000 square miles of territory.

But it is impossible for proud and royal houses, harboring a host of favorites eager for distinction, long to remain quiet in the odium of defeat. Scarcely had the clamor of the campaign of 1805 died away, when Alexander of Russia, with 200,000 men, and Frederick of Prussia, with 200,000 more, (and these the soldiers trained in the celebrated school of Frederick the Great), came pouring through Bavaria, resolved to test once more the metal of the champion of the world; while Napoleon, on the other hand, exasperated at their apparent want of faith, resolved "so to rattle his artillery about their ears that Europe should remain quiet for ten years to come."

It was on the 14th of October, 1806, that the lowering brow of the angry chief encountered, on the field of Jena, the formidable legions of the Prussian king. It was indeed Greek meeting Greek; both armies were used only to conquer, and each was fighting under the immediate eye of its emperor. But the star of the Corsican grew brighter in the heavens,—and as the sun went down, his last rays kindled the eagles of the victorious French. Then came the lesson!—20,000 cavalry, under "the handsome swordsman" Murat, (held in reserve on purpose through the day), burst on the tumultuous retreat. And as the shrieking thousands fled toward Auerstadt, 12 miles distant, behold! another flying host, escaping from the smoking falchion of Davoust, met them and blocked their path. The result may be imagined: assailed in front and rear, 20,000 bodies strewed that gory field, and 20,000 prisoners received compulsory labor on the public works of France. Nearly all Prussia—its strong fortresses and walled cities, fell into the hands of the conqueror; the distressed monarch fled to the extremity of his dominions, while the victor rested his limbs on a couch worthy of his labors —the couch of Frederick the Great.

Awed, but unswerving, Alexander advanced. Several partial actions paved the way for the great battle of Eylau, in which both armies claimed the victory, over 50,000 dead. Both armies retired from the field, for five months; but the resumption of hostilities brought on the celebrated battle of Friedland, in which Napoleon strewed the Russians like chaff before the wind. Well might the glittering and inexperienced emperors stand aghast at this genius of destruction,

> "Like silly boys, who, unaware,
> Ranging the woods to start a hare,
> Come where a surly, grim old bear
> Growls amid bones and blood."

The result of this campaign was the treaty of Tilsit. The two emperors, Alexander and Napoleon, met on a raft in the midst of the river Niemen, in the presence of their two armies which lined either bank, and, strange for the consistancy of human nature, enthusiastically embraced each other, like old comrades in arms. The result of two hours of conference was the treaty of Tilsit, in which were many secret stipulations; it is believed that there the youthful Czar, well content with having given the great strategist his most formidable check, pledged himself to the fortunes of the fascinating Bonaparte, and doubtless dreamed that, like twin giants, they should conquer hand in hand.

"And yet the end was not!"—Again, and yet again, should the guns of the victorious Corsican thunder over those bloody fields. Again the eagle of France should trample in the gory dust the proud crest of the Hapsburg, and bear away to his royal eyrie Marie Louise, the Bride of the Empire,—and again the legions of the Czar should fly before him, on a path of desolation through their northern wilds, lit by the conflagration of their capital.

It was on the bloody and terrible field of Eylau that a courier entered the presence of Napoleon with tidings that the Spanish

government, at the instigation of England, was raising forces to operate in his rear. "The Spanish dynasty," said the galled emperor, "is no more!"—It was a word and a blow. The savage and rapacious Junot passed beyond the Pyrenees, and Joseph Bonaparte was king of Spain. But such was the obstinate resistance of the patriotic Spanish Juntas that the retention of that kingdom as a French dependency became questionable, and in the end cost more than it requited.

While Napoleon was giving to Spanish affairs his personal presence and consideration, and hesitating whether to make formidable preparations for the utter subjugation of the kingdom, he received despatches which took him hastily and almost solitarily to Paris. The purport of these despatches was, that the Austrian government, taking advantage of his temporary complication in Spain, was pouring troops towards the boundaries of his empire.

During the Prusso-Russian campaign Austria had lain like a combattant fallen, but unsubdued—recreant, but revengeful,—and slowly rising during this interval, and gathering all her strength for one tremendous blow, she brandished the battle axe once more. 550,000 men, under the Archduke Charles—the ancient victim of Napoleon's strategy, came forward to revenge this long dishonor to his otherwise glorious name.—550,000 men! an army practically superior to the working federal army of to-day; fighting men, in fighting times,—practiced in danger, hardened in defeat! We may well believe

> "A battle was a battle then,
> A breathing piece of work,"

no more to be mentioned with our military noviciate than the rapid strokes of the ancient gladiator, trained from his infancy for a single fight, and his stubborn knuckles armed with the fire striking steel whose blow was certain death, with the random strokes of an unpracticed tradesman of to-day. Mark the difference: against these 550,000 Austrians stood 287,000 French,

and Napoleon the First;—on the 9th of April, 1809, the French advanced; on the 20th the two armies first came in contact; in three days—Aubensburg, Eckmuhl, and Ratisbon—the 20th, 21st, and 22d, and the hosts of the bold Archduke were scattered like the leaves of Autumn before the tempestuous chief who put on victory like a garment, while his eye scorched all that it glared upon! Add 25 days more; enter the royal apartments at Vienna—the imperial chamber of the Hapsburg; behold its couch of state, with its starry silken canopy; how easily the monarch slumbers! his boots are yet on! has he come from the chase?—is he dreaming of his royal brother, and his disconsolate host? hist! he cries out in his sleep—French names—"Murat! Duroc! Macdonald! charge!" Great God! can it be—it is—Napoleon!

The treaty which resulted from this campaign was of a very lenient character, for reasons of a matrimonial nature.

We come now to one of the saddest episodes in the history of greatness. Napoleon had no heir. The mighty empire which his genius had upreared—an empire beside which Rome, in her day of power, was but a simple state, seemed floating to an indefinite and unlineal posterity. Over its future destiny, in the dreams of the people, hovered the dark goblins and gory demons of the Revolution. But a few years had fled since the streets of the bright metropolis, now the belle of cities, and the museum of all splendor, had been drenched with the blood of the innocent, and hushed in the Reign of Terror. The people longed to be assured against the recurrence of those dreadful days, and to feel that the houses and lands which should descend unto their children should be protected in prospect by Napoleon's child. The voice of pride, as well as the voice of the French nation, had long ago dictated the divorce of Josephine. But the Emperor had given to these appeals but little outward encouragement. On the contrary, when his minister, Fouche,

desirous of anticipating what he conceived to be the emperor's wishes, approached Josephine upon what he was pleased to denominate "her honorable duty," Napoleon reprimanded his presumption. Yet the heart of the empress died within her when she learned that the minister was too valuable to be dismissed.

Conscious, through years of devotion, of her husband's unchanging love, Josephine had spoken of her most unfortunate barrenness, and had been as often assured of their undivided destiny. And indeed to the last days of his life Napoleon believed, and said, that in divorcing his wife he "dismissed the good genius in whose company alone the star of his fortune was fated to shine."—For who was Josephine?—She was not only the bride of Bonaparte: she was one of the brightest and the noblest of her generation. She was a bride of a thousand thousand. To her, as much even as to Lucien himself, was he indebted for the placidity with which he rose to the consulship, on his return from Egypt. She was herself a powerful party in the gay world, which, without contamination from its impurity and frivolity, she had known and swayed so long. And as the consciousness of her misfortune grew upon her after years, it became her study, as for the salvation of her soul, to make herself useful, agreeable, indispensable to him. Originally beautiful, she became the goddess of the toilet; from the night-watching chambers of the ingenious Josephine went forth the fashions of the civilized world. Yet it was not by vain show of the flash accomplishments of the gay world that she expected to win and hold Napoleon. He was a man of an infinitesimal delicacy of taste; he was the substance of poetry and art; no airs could deceive him—no pretence have effect. Himself the most brilliant and fascinating conversationalist of the day, even as he was a universal scholar, and the master spirit of his age, his badinage was as the gambols of a universal gazzetteer. The

ripest learned in Europe stood aghast at his profundity. He diverted his mind with logarithms, and aired himself with a gallop of twenty miles a day. No man, since Alexander of Macedon, had ever manifested a tithe of his energy, or impatience. "Wild above rule or art"—reckless of death—unsleeping—uncontrolled, save by the star of fate, she would do much who could escape his displeasure,—how much more she who could hold his unaltering love,—be with him in battle and in council, swaying with silken bands the headlong, worse part of his nature—now denying, and now boasting of it, all in good time—humble, dutiful, affectionate, yet bold as a lion, and full of his own undying fire—a child of theirs could, like Atlas, have shouldered the world.

But he came not. There were no traces of the empress' grief,—yet her fate must come; her tireless energy must dissolve in tears; they must separate. Not by force,—"never," said Napoleon, "but by the empress' consent." Yet he knew that he had but to speak, and she would have mounted the rack. She knew that it was for France. She knew that if she sunk from his embrace it was only to bow before the majesty of that awful soul, that she might still be like him, whose loving kindness was better than life; but whose disapproval, in Europe, was shelterless contempt; she must speak the word herself, in the name, and for the saftey of France.

And on the 16th of December, 1809, in the grand hall of the Tuilleries, in presence of the Senate, the imperial family, and the ministers, the pallid and sobbing Josephine signed away the title to her presence in those royal and renowned saloons, and to him, their master and her own. The Man of Destiny wept, and swayed like an oak in the tempest. Eugene Beauharnais fell fainting to the floor. "The tears of the Emperor," said he, as he turned his eyes upon the grief-bowed Napoleon, "are sufficient for the honor of my mother!" The mother, pale with self-sacrifice, yet stung with the reproach which no woman can

endure, stood firmer then; but when the parting came, and she struggled to leave him, she began to realize that he had upheld the weight of her misfortunes, which, when she must stand alone, she feared would fall down and crush her.

Midnight reigned in the palace. The Emperor, pallid and worn, had retired: he felt that his star was falling. "All my misfortunes," said he at St. Helena, "date from the fatal divorce of Josephine! I have known but few happy moments, and for them I was indebted to her!"—He was piling the cushions of the couch upon his head, as if to hold it down, when the trembling steps of an intruder caught his ear; he turned, and the wife of his heart—the partner of sixteen years of toil and glory, stood waiting for his farewell.—"My husband! Oh! my husband!" cried the broken hearted wife, as she fell upon the couch that no more was hers. And the Emperor strove to soothe her through the only weakness she had ever manifested; "you shall retain your title still; 3,000,000 of francs—six times my salary as First Consul shall be yours, and you will ever be my nearest, and dearest, and truest friend."—But she was not weeping for "Josephine the Magnificent"—she was mourning as the jealous wife, the lover of the Corsican of other days—the pale, the hungry, the triumphant Corsican—the eagle of the Alps, the master-mind of the world; and while he talked of the necessities of state and the responsibilities of greatness, she could but murmur "Napoleon! Napoleon!"—An hour went by—an hour of deepest love, of sorrowful but glorious recollections; the deep revolving genius of the Emperor had again outreached her womanly weakness; they would part like Romans: as the clock struck One the wretched, desperate, but obedient wife, staggered from his last kiss into the middle of the apartment: "Farewell, immortal Bonaparte!"—"No! No!" cried the Emperor—"not farewell Bonaparte—we shall meet again!"—"Farewell, then, my adored husband!" and Napoleon said "Farewell!"—And thus, to meet no more as

wife and husband, split by self-sacrifice to an undying honor, they parted,—but not to meet no more!—no! on the mournful rock, when the proud realm for which he suffered had almost forgot him,—when the conqueror of armies lay low on his last couch, and the dread Cesar murmured "like a sick girl,"—when, to him, "the world was void—the populous and the powerful a lump"—when the gilded title that had divided them was laid down, and the wild spirit, stript for the mortal plunge, resumed the plain *Napoleon* that he was born and married in, then the Bride of the Empire was divorced in turn, and the old true heart, that broke and died for the exile of Elba, came back in spirit to the bedside of the hero. His last murmured word was the loved name of Josephine; and re-united on the bridal couch of death, they rose together to the land of love.

Four months from the date of this cruel separation, Napoleon was married to Marie Louise, daughter of the Emperor Francis of Austria, and an Arch-duchess of that empire.

Within twelve months from the date of this marriage the French people hailed, with unfeigned joy, the birth of the infant son of the Emperor and the new Empress, under the majestic title of Napoleon II, King of Rome.

Pause for a moment, and survey the empire to which this child was born.—From the rock of Gibraltar eastward to the mountains where the stern Magyar scowls never-dying hatred of the Hapsburg,—from the

> "Land of the vine-clad hill and fragrant grove,
> Of arts and arms, of genius and of love,"

northward, where the Pole, with his fierce moustache commixed with his horse's mane, lies dreaming of Kosciusko,—on through the halls where once Voltaire, under the great monarch of his age, stood king of continental letters,—yea, to the green waves of the Arctic ocean, 95,000,000 of people hailed the dread sovereignty of Napoleon I. His marshal, Bernadotte, was

King of Sweden,—His brother Joseph King of Spain,—Louis nominal King of Holland,—Jerome King of Westphalia,—Eliza Grand Duchess of Tuscany,—Pauline Princess of Borghese,—Caroline Queen of Naples, and wife of Murat; Eugene, his son in law, Viceroy of Italy,—himself King of Italy, Grand Mediator of the Helvetic Republic, allied by blood with Austria, and leagued in friendly treaty with the "Czar of all the Russias,"—no mortal man had ever dreamed of such an Empire as had been won by this Soldier of Fortune within sixteen years.

In three years more the pettiest Duke in Europe was too great to do him reverence.

As Alexander contemplated this Austrian alliance, he assured his councilors "the next step will be to drive me back into the wilderness,"—and this alliance was the signal for an immediate alliance between Russia, England, and Sweden, (for Bernadotte was jealous of the power that had placed him on the throne), to effect the restoration of the European ballance of power. Thus the whole north of Europe stood combined against the south. Here was to be war indeed!

From the vast dominions of his Empire Napoleon gathered an army of 1,187,000 men! To control the organization, much less to master the strategy of this prodigious host, transcends the faculties of ordinary men.—Dresden was the rendesvous; and there, in May, 1812, occurred a scene which the annals of the civilized world may never more record. Twelve crowned kings—among them the Austrian, Prussian, and Saxon monarchs, and dukes and potentates without number, revolved like sattelites around the sun-like Chief, whose rank, beyond expression, no insigna represented, and to whom alone they looked for counsel and controll. Silent and retired, while these gilded dignitaries sought diversion in dance and wine, the peerless brain of Napoleon, sometimes in solitude in the midst of them, was knitting the combinations which were to decide their destiny

and his own—combinations which not the hand of man, but of the Almighty, was destined to defeat.

Of this Russian War, with its numberless battles, its vast range, and its inconceivable destruction, (80,000 men being slain in the single battle of Borodino) we can give but a profile and a glimpse.

It was the desperate but hereditary purpose of the Russian, whose numbers were inferior to the French, to meet them on the borders of his Empire, and to slowly retire if necessary, into the wilderness of Russia, destroying all sustenance and shelter as he went,—hoping to lure the confident French army from its depots, and trusting to the patriotism of his people in the destruction of their property, and to the inclemency of the weather, for the diminution and ultimate overthrow of the French Army. That Napoleon was incapable of comprehending this Scythian determination was the secret of his ruin: he could not believe but that Alexander would defend his dominions. And he advanced from Dresden accordingly with over 500,000 men, and the Russians were forced back before him. The old, inconceivable, superhuman majesty of his marshal genius, manœuvering a front of battle of 360 miles, still told the baffled Czar that his enemy was the very god of war—that the wonderful Corsican was undecayed. Slowly but inevitably the main body of the Russians fell back during the summer, destroying their towns, their grain, and all manner of sustenance in their path. The French generals, aghast at such destruction, counseled Napoleon to pause. "But think you," said he, "that I came hither to destroy this parcel of wretched huts?" —and in defiance of objections he determined to advance with 160,000 men, upon Moscow—2,500 miles from his capital, with winter approaching,—nothing doubting that a general engagement, could he obtain it, would end the war, and that Alexander would either fight for his ancient capital, or treat for its safety.

But he mistook the determination of his uncompromising foe.

It was on the 14th of September, 1812, that the victorious but diminished army of Napoleon (now but 100,000, one third having perished on the passage) beheld the three hundred turrets of the ancient and opulent city, whose shining copper domes seemed to reflect light and glory over their past sufferings, and to promise welcome and repose. But no army appeared to meet them,—nor aught save a few infatuated monks, in whose eyes there was a purpose lurking, could it have been discovered. Alexander had struck for the wilderness, and left his capital to share the fate of the border towns. The French invested the city. But at midnight a cry arose "the city is on fire!" The French turned with desperate energy to subdue the flames, and during the following day partially succeeded; but as the second night set in, the determined ministers of the Czar renewed their work, and the fire raged beyond all controll. For five days the light of this awful conflagration lit up the northern wilds, and showed to the retiring Czar that his vassals had done his bidding, and done it well. Not a fifth of the great city of nearly 300,000 inhabitants remained. The stores and provisions and shelter, which the French had counted on, were dust and ashes!

As Napoleon turned his eyes from the enormous ruin to the northern pines through which the hosts of the Czar were supposed to have retired, he murmured "these are Scythians indeed!"—"Palaces and temples," says a Russian author, "monuments of art, and miracles of luxury—the remains of ages that had passed away, and those that had been the creation of yesterday,—the tombs of ancestors, and the nursery cradles of the present generation, were alike and indiscriminately destroyed. Nothing remained of the great city but the remembrance of its beauty, and the deep determination to revenge its fall."

As the genius of Napoleon grasped the difficulties of his

situation, he almost knelt to his youthful foe. He dispatched a messenger, (a Russian officer who had been detained by sickness in the city) whose last instructions were, "I must have peace, and will sacrifice, to obtain it, all, save honor." But the resolved and mournful Czar, weeping over the ashes of his wasted Empire, answered not a word. The mighty heart of the Corsican swelled at this rebuff; he never had been baffled before. "On to St. Petersburgh," he cried, with the voice of one that would conquer or die, "and let the modern capital share the fate of her ancient sister!"—But the French officers who had opposed the advance upon Moscow were now clamorous to return; and as Napoleon reflected upon the dangers of being so long absent from his capital, his purpose changed, and he resolved to retreat.

The retreat of the French army from Moscow to Poland, through a thousand miles of snow and wilderness, of battle and of blood, stands out in the world's history as the sublime of horror, of passion and devotion. Not the slaughter of the innocents, nor the massacre of St. Bartholemew's, nor plague, nor earthquake, nor aught, save the great Flood itself, so overwhelms the mind with the burden of grief, terror and desolation. The legends of that awful path come down from mouth to mouth by the firesides of Europe; and the direful tale will still be told when Xerxes and Alexander, and Atilla and Charlemagne shall have sunk out of the earth's remembrance.

As if rebuking the sagest calculations of philosophy, snow fell twenty days earlier than had been known for many years—fell in vast quantities, and was attended with most inclement gales, and biting frost. The French, burned with the sun in the summer months, had thrown their spare clothing away; and now their shoes were worn out with toilsome marches, their provisions were exhausted, naught save their horses, jaded and lean, remained for them to eat. The Russians, on the other hand,

well clad, inured to the terrible climate, flush in all provisions and munitions of war, returned upon their path like vultures, and lined the passes in front and rear, and on every side.

Such was even the beginning of their retreat over a route on which the advance had not left even the bones and husks of human sustenance. There was no manifest design on the part of the Russians to give general battle, but rather to harrass them to death. The name of Napoleon hovered over and protected the solemn host.

Thirty thousand men, under the dauntless Ney, the palladium of Bonaparte, and next to him the hero of heroes, formed the rear-guard of this dread retreat.

There was battle every day in front and rear. The unsleeping eye of the Emperor covered every point of strategy. He could not be baffled; he could not be kept back. Calculation after calculation, based upon the supposed positions of the other divisions of the grand army,—calculations which the pen of history has not recorded—which the brain of no man remembers—yea, which the brain of but one man ever conceived, lost in that wilderness of blood and sorrow, the sublimest tragedy of the earth, still saved him, as at the last moment, from destruction, and still the struggling army made its way, famishing, freezing, perishing. But one in fourteen had been able to endure,—their bodies strewed the wilderness. And squadron after squadron had been sent back to recruit the toiling band of the fighting Ney. At one time there came a rumor that the rear-guard were being overpowered:—in a moment, immortal honor to his generous memory! Napoleon reversed his march with but 9,000 guards to retrace the wilderness, against ten times his odds, and to save his friend or perish with him. "There are 200,000,000 in gold in the vaults of the Tuilleries," said he, "and I would give it all to know the safety of Marshal Ney"—and again the fiery valor of the cheery shout, "Live the Emperor!" stung

back the bitter and remorseless air, as Napoleon himself, on oot like the rest, with a beechen staff in his hand, back to almost nevitable destruction, trudged through the bloody snow.

What a wreck was here of all that glorious host! Napoleon crossed the Dnieper with 6,000 guards, out of 35,000; Eugene 1,800 out of 42,000; and Davoust, stript even to his shirt, led 4,000 squalid and dying followers—the remains, from cold, famine, and the sword, of over 70,000 men.

But 12,000 of the Grand Army remained in discipline! *with not a single cannon.*

Yet in the wake of these, there came a half famishing, murderous throng of 30,000 wretches, without discipline, and without remorse. No man has dared—and few have lived, to tell of all the horrors of that moving pandemonium. It was forbidden to speak of it. The more enduring stripped off the clothing from the faint hearted, and the strong dashed out the brains of the weak for no more inducement than the hoof of a dead horse. There were moaning sufferers who gnawed with desperation the fragments of old shoes, or clutched some fleshless bone like a miser, who fears assassination for his gold; yea, the meagre by the meagre were devoured,—cannibal fiends, who fain would see the firesides of France, and the bright eyes of their loved ones once more, concealed under their shrunken arms the warm and wasted flesh of the new-fallen corpse.

God forbid that such another tragedy should blacken the annals of the world!

But above in interest, and beyond all these, stands the sublime devotion of Marshal Ney. Like a star that keeps its orbit, and we know not why, save for the deep integrity of its nature, he could not quit his post. With a meagre band of 700 men, and a musket in his hand, he held the bridge of Konow, until the last of the grand army had gone over in safety, and the last

grenadier fell a corpse at his feet. Scorning to fly, or even to turn his face from the enemy, he retreated backward over the bridge, while the bullets whistled all around him,—and firing the last shot into the Russian ranks, he threw the empty piece into the river! * * On the night of the 12th of December, as Gen. Dumas was seated in consultation with a physician on the German side of the river, a gaunt, hairy, spectral looking man, in a tattered military cloak, entered the apartment, and said, with a sepulchral voice, "At last I am here!" "And who are you?" said Dumas, rising hastily, and with suspicion. "Do you not know me, General?" "No!"—Folding his rags upon his marshal breast, the apparation answered, "I am the rear-guard of the Grand Army,—and my name is—Marshal Ney; I have fired the last shot, and the last musket sleeps in the mud of the river!"

Well might the youth, and blood, and chivalry of France, of all that fought in Egypt, Syria, or Italy, bow their consenting eyes, as Napoleon himself unbonnetted his royal head, and hailed him as the "Bravest of the brave."

A wail of despair and horror, as of Rachael mourning for her children, rose from the stricken bosom of poor France, drowning the glory of Napoleon in an ocean of salt tears. His generals, even his brother-in-law, Murat, fled from him to escape the universal condemnation,—and his allies, even his father-in-law of Austria, snatched their colors from his ranks, and swore to league them with his enemies, and lash him like a monster from the world.

But the hero of a hundred fights was not soon to be subdued. Ordering a conscription of 350,000 men, in the Spring he again took the field. And then began the most desperate and difficult series of engagements which Europe had yet beheld, as assailed by foes in cabinet and foes in the field, and laboring

under an odium as of the scourge of God, the whole soul of the Titan sprang into the fray, and he taught the world that only against incalculable odds could the whole force of his spirit come to bear, and how little of his greatness Europe had yet required. Forward and backward, all through the summer of 1813, surged the tide of battle, and winter came, and still he had held his own against all the combinations of his trebly outnumbering enemies.

Again in the following Spring Napoleon demanded a conscription of 300,000 men. But the Senate, grown bold by their master's misfortunes, demurred, and a stormy debate ensued, in consequence of which but a small portion of the conscription was raised. Still he took the field.—But the long pageant of the Bonapartal glory was on the wane. His generals were peevish, recriminating, and discordant,—the troops were discouraged at the tremendous odds, and only confusion and ruin was the result. In triumphant march the allies crowded upon Paris; Marie Louise escaped to her father, and the representative bodies fled the city.—A truce was demanded, and accorded, —but the allies refused to treat with Bonaparte, alleging that their only purpose was the restoration of the Bourbons, and their only terms the abdication of the reigning Emperor.

Disheartened at the treachery of friends whose fortunes he had made, and disgusted with the allies whose aid forsook his adversity, on the 4th of April, 1814, the Conqueror of Europe dashed his crown upon the earth. "From the sublime to the rediculous," said he, "is but a step!"

The allied powers, even after their eager and vindictive pursuit of Napoleon, had yet so much of that respect for him which he personally ever inspired that they declined to strip him of his title, or to place over him any other than a nominal surveillance. It was finally arranged that he should retain the title of Em-

peror, and that he should assume the Island of Elba for a residence and a possession.

We will pass over the year through which Napoleon reigned as Emperor of Elba, with the single remark, that he appeared to live, and desired to be thought upon, as one dead to the political world. He seemed deeply engaged in writing memoirs of his life, of whose adventurous course this book should be the end.

The Congress of Vienna—the congress of the allied powers, was still in session. They had restored the Bourbon dynasty, and were slowly, through a thousand delicate details of remuneration and reconstruction, distributing to their former patentees the vast aggrandizements of Napoleon's Empire. Their labor approached a satisfactory termination, and the dull refulgence of the ancient regime seemed once more to radiate from its legitimate crowns, when, suddenly, tidings came to the convention that the dead man, whose estate they were dividing, had revived,—escaped from Elba, returned to France, and at the head of 200,000 soldiers again defied the world to arms!—It seemed so like a trick in pantomime—so like a fiend leaping out of a bottle, that the Congress is said to have received the intelligence with anything but chagrin, and showed a full appreciation of the rather ludicrous predicament by bursts of merriment and jests upon his Satanic Majesty.

It was indeed true. A few months experience of the gross and tyranical government of "Louis the Hog," disgusted the fastidious and mercurial French nation, and sighing like a furnace, its heart followed the brilliant Bonaparte to his island of empire and banishment.—Never was the mastery of his genius more conspicuous than now. Almost alone, relying on the prestige of his glorious deeds, he turned, for sovereignty or death, to the land of his fame. Nor was he deceived in his anticipations. Traversing the country, toward Paris, in an open

carriage, he was greeted everywhere by acclamations of the people. Arrived at Grenoble, with about 600 followers, the royal garrison was drawn out to arrest him. But Napoleon, advancing alone from the little knot of his friends, bared his breast to the Bourbon bayonets, and exclaimed, "he that will kill his Emperor, let him work his pleasure! here I am." In vain were the troops ordered to fire. Bullets could not quench that lofty soul. Dashing their muskets to the earth, the troops rushed forward in disorder, fell upon the ground about him, embraced his knees, and begged to be led once more to victory.

On to Paris surged the growing throng, Napoleon scattering proclamation after proclamation in his passage, undoing the tyrannical behests of the Bourbon, and promising everywhere reform and reconstruction. But as they drew near the capital, behold the "rear-guard of the Grand Army"! Marshal Ney, with all the garrisons of Paris, stood across his path! Ney alleged that Napoleon had been unjust to him, and he had accepted a commission under the restored dynasty. He stood at his post, and swore by the memory of his valor and his wrongs, by the word of a man of honor, by the oath of a soldier under the Bourbon King, that he would "bring Napoleon to Paris like a wild beast in a cage; and the man who should refuse to fire on him at his bidding should be thrust up to the hilt."—Vain boast!—the merest contortion of the countenance. Napoleon found means to meet Ney face to face; his words were few; extending his hand, and averting his head, he murmured, "Bravest of the brave!"—A thousand memories crowded on the warrior's soul, and he fell, a suppliant, on his master's breast. The rock which might have split the tossing bark of Bonaparte was crushed in full career,—the rock on which the Bourbon throne was resting; and as the two soldiers embraced each other, the Bourbon monarch fled from the French capital.—Tumult and enthusiasm filled the streets, until at last, borne upon the shoulders of men up the great stair of the Tuilleries,

Napoleon was seated in state, and amid thunders of artillery was hailed as Emperor once more.

Yet he was fully conscious of the hectic character of this success. He struggled earnestly for an alliance with England; he strove by every means to molify the allies, but in vain;—with 1,100,000 men they came pouring back upon him. Fearful of venturing upon conscription, and numbering but 200,000 men, Napoleon had but one hope, which was, by summoning the whole force of his miraculous genius to one terrible blow, to destroy some portion of the allied army before it could concentrate, and thus gain time for the reconstruction of his shattered Empire, and the reorganization of his army. The result of this determination was the last of his battles—the battle of Waterloo. The importance of this event renders a brief description of it here both necessary and interesting.

The only forces immediately imminent were some 60.000 English and Germans, under Wellington, in the vicinity of Brussels, and about 100,000 Prussians under Prince Marshal Blucher, in the neighborhood of Ligny. Napoleon conceived the design, considered both bold and scientific, of entering between these two armies and engaging them simultaneously.—Ney, with 45,000 men was to attack Wellington; 10,000 men to be stationed midway between Wellington and Blucher; while Napoleon, with the remainder of his forces, should give battle to the Prussians. The attack was made on the 16th of June, 1815, and in both directions the French were successful. The Prussians retreated in good order, and Wellington fell back upon the village of Waterloo. Napoleon now hesitated (a thing unusual with him) whether to join all his troops to those of Marshal Ney, and advance in force against Wellington, or to dispatch a portion of his army to pursue the advantage gained over Marshal Blucher. For two-thirds of a day the mind of Bonaparte wavered in this dilemma. He felt his position to be terribly critical, and he had not that "cheer of mind that he

was wont to have." Late on the 17th he determined to spare 30,000 men, under Marshal Grouchy, to pursue the Prussians, and hastened with the remainder of his forces to form a junction with Ney.

The memorable 18th of June dawned cloudy and dull, and the ground was muddy with recent rains. By eleven o'clock the spleen, dash, and alacrity of the now desperate Bonaparte were startling the cool sagacity of the already famous Wellington. The forces were nearly equal, and victory seemed all the day wavering from side to side, until nearly seven o'clock in the afternoon. The French are considered to have had the best of the conflict; Wellington was heard to exclaim; "Oh that Blucher or night were come!"—But suddenly a rapid and desultory cannonade was heard upon the English right, and the banners of the old Prussian huzzar were visible against the woods! In an instant Napoleon discovered that he had been outgeneraled,—that Blucher had probably retired from the battle of the 16th with the design of forming a junction with Wellington. Yet, hoping against hope, that Grouchy was in the Prussian's immediate rear, or perchance driving him in, he determined to hold the field long enough to take advantage of this conjecture. To do this it was necessary to bring into the action his entire reserve—the Old Guard.—There was a lull in the voice of the battle, "and the boldest held his breath for a time," as this formidable host that had swept the battle-fields of Europe so often, that had turned the tide of so many bloody days, and never had charged in vain, now, to the prophetic mandate of the Bravest of the Brave, strode forward with the Empire on their shoulders, and in a long wave of courage and enthusiasm dashed on the rocky hardihood of the British grenadiers, "their deathless valor soaring to the gods." Three times was Marshal Ney unhorsed; and at length, on foot, fighting sword in hand, he was summoned to surrender. Cambronne returned the immortal answer, "The Guard dies—it never

surrenders!"—and in the enthusiasm of the moment the French lost all discipline and order, and fought every man for himself, hand to hand amid the British ranks. "Alas," said Napoleon, "they are all in confusion! all is over!" and reining up his horse, he attempted to gallop into the midst of the fight, and die like a Roman with the soldiers whom he had cherished. But an aid seized the bridle, crying "Death shuns you, Sire! —you will only be taken prisoner,"—and deterred the rash design. At this moment, the Prussians have gained a permanent position on the field, Wellington ordered the whole British line to advance. The Guard was immediately surrounded, and utterly destroyed,—the remainder of the French fled in dismay, —and the star of the glorious Corsican followed the sunken sun.

Never was conqueror more utterly cast down. Broken in spirit, and, worse than all, beaten by superior strategy, and taught at last that bitter lesson which so many generals had learned from him, on the night of this never-to-be-forgotten 18th of June—a moonlight night of a bloody Sabbath day, he fled to Paris, pale as death, and the allies came thundering on his path. In vain he resigned his crown in favor of Napoleon II. In vain he offered his services as Generalissimo of the Parisian forces, to defend the capital. In vain he offered himself as a common soldier in the ranks of his country. There was no longer faith in him. With terrified alacrity the Senate decreed his forfeiture, and the Conqueror of Europe had not where to lay his head.

In this terrible extremity he bethought him of America, and hither he resolved to fly.—Oh! ever thus, in the hour of his darkness, may the outcast remember the Flag of the Free! For eighty years, in triumph and defiance, in welcome and respect, it has waved over land and sea! For eighty years beneath it, Columbia, with outstretched arms, has proffered home

to the exile, and bread to the perishing. And wherever you go,—in every capital of the old world,—through royal halls, where higher art, and deeper learning, and cheaper labor, have made splendid the steppings of monarchial pride,—where the wealth, and caste, and aristocracy of the old nations have lured together the wit and beauty of every clime, the simple name and dress of an American citizen have been a frequent passport to welcome and respect. And on every sea where the wings of commerce flutter, a cheer or a gun from the world-roving sailor greets the Star-Spangled Banner as the Rainbow of Freedom —the hope of the world,—and brightest in the storm!

But every cask, and bale, and package that came out from a French port was rigidly examined by the vigilant English, who anticipated his escape. The attempt was vain; and as a last resort he threw himself on the mercy of England—his most honorable foe.—It was a fatal miscalculation. For the breaker of his parole the Lion had no mercy. Alexander had nothing to offer; he had tears for his love, and joy for his fortune, but he brooked not his vast ambition. Stripped of his title, his freedom, and his wealth, deserted by his wife, and deprived of his child, he was bound, like Prometheus, to a rock in the ocean, where the vulture of ambition should gnaw his heart away.

A thousand interesting memories cling around his lonely exile at St. Helena, where, in company with a few faithful followers, upon a general's salary, and under constant guard, he wiled away nearly six weary years. But time would fail us.—With dignity and patience, as became one who had ever defended the divinity of Christ, and rebuked the scorner of religion, he bowed to his destiny. Dismissing all his attendants, alone with God and his gentle minister, he poured out into the ear of the priest those secrets of his heart which the world may never know; and on the night of the 5th of May, 1821, a night of storm and darkness, that uprooted the trees which he had fondly planted on

St. Helena, and shook with the billows of the African Atlantic his rock-bound prison-home,—murmuring incoherently, "France —head of the Army—Josephine"—and the Soldier of Destiny was no more.

For twenty years his body lay buried at St. Helena, until, in 1840, Louis Phillippe, at the earnest instigation of the French people, brought his remains to Paris. Amid a pomp and pageantry of which even France had never dreamed, he was borne up the Seine—borne upon the shoulders of men under the porch of the Church of the Invalides, and amid salvos of artillery that made the brain of the world reel with glory and with sorrow, he slept at last where he had wished to sleep—"on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom he had loved so well."

The tale is told. The long roll of his alarming drum, and the booming of his mortal cannonade, have died away. Peace spread her soothing wing o'er the trampled fields of his battles and his fame; but many a heart beat sadly for his fortunes, and poised the blame between his enemies and him. Let him be judged only by the peers of his genius, his valor, and his virtue, and ages shall wait upon his condemnation.

A word more, and I have done.—The heroes of history are the emblems of nations, and bespeak their characters in ages past. We have our hero, and France has hers; and both catch their peculiar glory from the genius of the people. Not that I would measure Washington by Bonaparte, nor yet by far that I would measure Bonaparte by Washington. The one stands like Mount Atlas—cold, simple, and severe, and his icy brow "reflects the twilight of celestial dawns;" the other, like Vesuvius, from his burning heart astounds the heavens with thunder and destruction. No! the mould is cracked that framed our goodly soldier; we shall not look upon his like again. He is the bond of our Union; his name is written on the belt that binds this

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western world. Fan this mad conflagration until its demoniac light shall glitter in the stony eyes of the farthest despot on the globe,—let not a stone be left upon another of this Union that shall not be thrown down—yet, from the dust of a hundred years' disruption and prostration, column and tablet and frieze will rise in order as to the music of Amphion, and dance back into the temple of Liberty, to the magic of our great Virginian's name.—Nor yet was he too lofty to be loved! As long as time shall be, to tell that such men have been,—as long as humanity shall breathe a prayer, that such may be hereafter,—as long as the graceful steamer, be it peace or war, shall droop her flag, and fire a booming shot over the grave of Pater Patriæ, so long shall it never disgrace the manliest eye that ever glittered in the face of death, to drop the tear of an enthusiast love over thy memory, immortal Washington! But Napoleon! the child of genius, glory, and misfortune—the peerless hero, and the generous friend, was loved as with the love of woman! Take him at his worst, and seas of suffering have washed out his continents of crime: and give to his ambition the charity of self-love, that would rule the world because he best could rule it,—forgive to temptation the later frailties of his baffled life, and side by side with Washington himself, he might go

> "Through the bellowing Forum
> And round the Suppliant's Grove,
> Up to the everlasting gates
> Of Capitolian Jove."

And as long as the sun shall shine on the vines and flowers of the land of France,—as long as her monuments of art and splendor shall bear record of his rule, so long shall the sons of the soldiers who went with him weep at his statue in the Place Vendome—shall sigh to the child of Empire, and the wonder of his race, "LIVE NAPOLEON!"

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